

that was then. that was grammar school and  
partly through junior high, and time went  
on and

now

Peter never drives his expensive car over  
two years and he always has a new and  
beautiful girlfriend and he no longer wears  
glasses and he has thinned down, looks al-  
most handsome but certainly assured, he  
has a home in Mexico and a home in Portu-  
gal and he has purchased the two estates  
which border his and he rents them out.  
Peter deals in law, artwork and the stock  
market, he speaks seven languages, has a  
yacht and a private plane and he also  
sometimes produces movies.

those who knew him then don't know him  
now.

something

happened, what the hell

was it?

and most of the golden boys of then  
who are still around now  
are misshapen, beaten, inglorious,  
idiotic, homeless, senile or  
dying.

it seldom works the way we think it  
works.

in fact, it never

does.

#### POEM ABOUT A LADY WITH A RED FACE AND LONG BLONDE HAIR

I met this female poet many years ago.  
we were to read on the same card  
for our hundred bucks  
with 3 or 4 others.

the university got us our dinner with  
wine  
and the 3 or 4 others didn't drink much  
wine  
but the female poet and I kept ordering  
more bottles.

at the time she was writing about the  
terrible times she was having with  
men



while I was writing about how terribly  
the women were treating me.  
(when one listens to this crap one  
always yearns to hear the words of the  
non-writers.)

anyhow, this female poet and I didn't  
particularly like each other, which  
is the way it is, most times with the  
poets.

well, the prof got us to the reading  
and I don't remember much about it  
except that she wouldn't get down from  
there  
she stood at that podium reading poem  
after poem about her troubles with  
men  
she was really in agony and listening  
to her I got that way too.

next thing I knew I was back in my motel  
room sobering up on beer  
getting ready for the flight out the  
next morning.

I sat waiting, sucking on those beers —  
somehow, even though we hadn't particularly  
liked each other, I expected her to come by  
and lay her body under mine

don't ask me why, just natural stupidity,  
you know.

I got on the plane and out ....

she did have a rather pretty face,  
long sharp nose, rather dirty stringy  
hair  
she was dressed in a long white gown  
a madhouse gown  
except with a long low-cut section in  
front  
she smoked constantly and kept staring  
at the tablecloth.

that must have been a couple of decades  
ago.

she's still writing and I am too

she's still writing about how it keeps  
going wrong with men



and I?  
well ....

meanwhile, the 3 or 4 others with us  
at that reading have vanished

which seems to show that to last you  
have to choose enduring subject  
matter  
and/or drink very much wine

or maybe better yet, like she taught  
me, not to go to bed with any body  
around because there's  
nothing else to do.

#### THE FAMOUS WRITER

when I was a mailman  
one of my routes was a special route:  
a famous writer lived in one of those  
houses,  
I recognized his name on the letters,  
he was a famous writer but not a very  
good one, well, maybe a fairly good  
one.  
but I never saw him  
until one morning when I was  
very hungover  
I walked up to his house  
and he was outside  
he was standing in an old bathrobe,  
he needed a shave and he looked ill  
about 3 years from death  
but he had this good looking woman  
standing there with him  
she was much younger than he  
the sun shining through her full hair  
and her thin dress,  
I handed him his mail over the gate and  
said, "I've read your books,"  
but he didn't answer  
he just looked down at the letters  
and I said, "I'm a writer too ...."  
he still didn't answer,  
he turned and walked off  
and she looked at me  
with a face that said nothing,  
then turned and followed  
him.